

(1)

O N
H I S G R A C E,
T H E
D U K E
O F
M A R L B O R O U G H.

SWIFT as His Fame, o'er all the World He flies,
Follow'd by Friends, as shun'd by Enemies ;
Tho' they, who follow Him, must undergo
Hazards as great, as meeting Him His Foe.
His Trumpets like the last, give Joy and Dread,
Give Fear to Foes, and raise Friends Spirits dead ;
But His Great Heart which ne'er Himself will spare,
Makes Friends, no less than Enemies, to fear.

Cities

Cities He vanquish'd, in as short a space,
 As other Princes visit them in Peace ;
 Whose Walls and Trenches cou'd no more ensure
 Safety to them, than Dread in Him procure :
 Whom Dangers still, and Difficulties make
 More fierce, and eager, in His bold Attack.

But *Britain's* Chief, as merciful as brave,
 Still Fights to Conquer, Conquers but to Save :
 Thus ancient Hero's their just Arms imploy'd
 To quell those Monsters which Mankind destroy'd :
 While some the Name of Demi-gods obtain,
 By being Dev's intire, destroying Man.
 He risks His Life, His Foes as Friends to save,
 The World to free, which others wou'd inflave ;
 So doubly vanquishes His Friends and Foes,
 These with His Kindness, with His Courage Those.
 Great is His Justice, but His Mercy more ;
 So far His Modesty transcends His Pow'r :
 The only Thing He ne'er cou'd Conquer yet,
 Which, as His Merit is more truly Great,
 Does still the better of our Hero get -----

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 But

(3)

But in the Field ---- where we by Foes are told,
 He only most presumptuously is Bold ;
 Attacking oft great Numbers with the less,
 But by more Danger to ensure Success.

Yet has His Courage Prudence for its Rein,
 Which does His Rage Victoriously restrain ;
 At once Himself He Conquers, with His Foe,
 When Passion wou'd His Reason overthrow.
 Alike in Danger calm, as in Debate ;
 Not like those fierce, hot Ministers of State,
 In Council furious, as in War sedate :
 He will in War, as peaceful Contest, find
 In spight of Opposition, Peace of Mind :
 Who swift in Action, and in Conduct great,
 Can boldly Charge, Triumphantly Retreat,
 Pursue His Foe, but Fly pursuing Fame,
 Has nothing, but His Modesty, His Blame.

What Wonder *Marlbro'* by these Virtues rose ?
 By These, the *Romans* triumph'd o'er their Foes ;

These

* *Aeneas*. These rais'd the * *Trojan* to the blest Abode,
 And made Him first a Hero, then a God.
 Both were alike by Goddesses Inspir'd,
 By *Venus* He, as You by *ANNA* fir'd;
 Yet with this diff'rence each in Fame shall live,
 He Fought to Gain an Empire, --- You to Give.



F I N I S.

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